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TROTTER HOUSE, BRADFORD, VT. COACHES TO AND FROM PASSENGER TRAINS, DAY AND NIGHT.
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EVERY TABLE, GOOD TEAMS FURNISHED. Also at all times, and at reasonable prices, Stage and Express Wagon. Apply at Main Office, rear of Trotter House.
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WINTER AND ICE CREAM SALOON, FRUIT, Confectionery, Soda, Light Groceries, etc.
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MANUFACTURER OF DR. DOTY'S CELESTIAL BALSAM. Sole Agent for the State of Vermont. Office at the corner of Main and Centre Streets.
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BOOTH AND SHOP OF EVERY DESCRIPTION for Ladies', Gentlemen's, Youth's and Children's wear kept constantly on hand. I have by me a large stock of all kinds of public patronage. Opposite Post Office.
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FINE WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, Spectacles, Cutlery, Revolvers, Fancy Goods and Toys. Particular attention given to repairing. Fine Watches. Office W. T. Telegraph Co.
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SURGEON DENTIST, HAS ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS. Also, the Patent for Orange County, which is one of the greatest improvements in Dentistry. Office at the corner of Main and Centre Streets.
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MAISON WORK OF ALL KINDS DONE TO ORDER. East Corinth, Vt.
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TIN SHOP, STOVES, TIN WARE, IRON WARE, WOODEN WARE, etc. All kinds of Job Work neatly done.
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ATTORNEY AT LAW, ATTENDING TO ALL BUSINESS OF THE COURT. Office at the corner of Main and Centre Streets.

The Three Callers.

Morn called fondly to a fair boy straying
Mid golden meadows rich with clover dew;
She called—but he still thinks of naught save
The girl who has been true to him.

And so she called, and waves him adieu!
While he, still merrily with his flowery store,
Dreams not that morn, sweet morn! returns
No more.

Noon comes—but the boy to mornhood growing,
Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet form,
One young fair face, from bowers of jasmine
Gleaming.

And all his loving heart with bliss he warms;
So noon, unalloyed, seeks the western sky;
And morn forgets that noon returns
No more.

Night tapers gently as a comet gleaming
With thin bright, flickering, and low,
By which a gray haired man is sadly dreaming
Of pleasures gone—as all life's pleasure.

Night call him to her—he leaves his door,
Silent and dark—and he returns no more.

MISS CRIMME'S ROMANCE.

At the extreme end of the main street, in a quiet New England town, there was a small, rambling stone house. A portion of it was overgrown with vines, and some of the windows were quite hidden. There was all around it a small space of ground thickly planted with roses. Miss Crimme lived in the house, and had lived there for many years. Before her mother had lived there also a long time, and when the old lady became an invalid and bedridden, her daughter took her place at the head of the house, and so strongly did Miss Crimme resemble her mother, that when the latter passed away, things went on exactly as ever, and it seemed as if the old lady and her daughter had been merged into one person, so that people called her Mrs. Crimme or Mrs. Crimme.

Miss Crimme was far from being a homely person; through the traces of time and suffering might easily be seen the remains of past beauty, but hardened and so sorrow stricken, that a great fear for the little maid, Elizabeth, when she appeared.

Elizabeth was the maid-of-all-work, and a living defiance to those rules which arrange a certain harmony between people and their names. Having been brought up in the same school as her mother, and being much astonished at everything differing from her past associations, her face had acquired a chronic look of utter amazement, somewhat lighted by a gleam of merriment, and large black eyes. Her general appearance was rather remarkable, too, on account of the evident unrestrained exercise of her own taste in matters of dress, which was not altogether above criticism. Her favorite pastime was at a window commanding something of a view of the main street, at which, at short intervals, during the entire day, she was to be seen leaning her chin on her hands, and her elbows on the window ledge, with the prominent portions of her face pressed flat against the glass, which she seemed to regard with the regularity or form of her features. At the least noise she vanished as though the earth had swallowed her, the fact being that she dropped herself on the floor, and hid herself under the bed, or in the wardrobe, as though the window alone was to be feared by allowing her to be seen.

Miss Crimme was really kind and gentle, but Elizabeth could never quite understand her, and she was often, and severe, sad face of her mistress.

Miss Crimme's mother had first come to the town many years before, quite alone. Her peculiarity of attending exclusively to the tailoring and dressmaking of her neighbors alone, had at first, naturally, of course, excited curiosity and suspicion, but as years passed on, and no other account could be given of her, or of the other things, they came to feel that she was not altogether above criticism, and the old lady was spoken of with respect and left entirely to herself. Even the arrival of her daughter, of whose close resemblance to her mother, the town was then a handsome woman of about twenty-three. It was said she came from abroad; indeed, several stories were set afloat, but soon were forgotten for some more interesting subject of gossip. She was quiet in her manner, and very retiring and reticent, and it was not until she had been in the town some years, that she was brought to notice. Shortly after her coming, her mother was taken ill, and from that time never left her room except to be carried to her last resting place.

From the time of her mother's illness Miss Crimme assumed the head of the house, and as it once before said, seemed to be the person at the head of the house, and she was called Mrs. Crimme, and the old lady herself was forgotten some time before she passed away.

Elizabeth was seated, one afternoon, on the back of a chair at the kitchen window, greatly absorbed in the occasional passing by of a pedestrian, when a violent knock at the door caused her to drop instantly on the floor. She remained there some moments, entirely forgetful of her duty to open the door. At a second knock she tremblingly went to the door, and found a man standing with a chain, to prevent its being opened more than about four inches, and opening it, and placing as much of herself as was possible in the opening, she said: "Please come in, if you are really unconscious of the impossibility of any compliance with her request."

It was the postman.

Elizabeth never remembered having seen the postman at the door before, and was consequently greatly alarmed as well as amazed.

A letter for Mrs. Crimme.

And he left in the hands of the trembling and still terrified maid a small note with the postmark of the city on it, and sealed with black.

It was some minutes before she sufficiently recovered to close the door. Then she carefully wiped off the letter on both sides with her apron, and folding it up in that article of dress, went to Miss Crimme's room.

She knocked kindly.

The clear, even voice of Miss Crimme came in reply:

"Come in."

Elizabeth opened the door carefully, and squinting herself in, shut it hastily, as though she were afraid the occupant might escape.

"Pleasant, my dear, is the postman, and he's been and left a letter, my dear, with two quick courtesies, and widely opened eyes fixed on Miss

Crimme, who sat near a wood fire, reading from a journal.

"Give it to me," said Miss Crimme, closing her book, while a slight blush overspread her face.

Elizabeth slowly approached and gave the letter, without removing her eyes from her mistress.

Miss Crimme took it, broke the seal, slowly unfolded the letter and read it. As she did so, a strangely bright expression came over her face, and she looked almost lovingly by the red light of the fire.

Elizabeth stood by, greatly wondering, till her mistress, suddenly remembering, said:

"You may go, Elizabeth; and, if you wish, go out for an hour, no longer, or you may sit by the window, if you choose."

"Yes, my dear—thank you, miss!" and she retired as she had entered, carefully closing the door, lest Miss Crimme might see her.

Miss Crimme lay the letter on the table, while her eyes studied the red color of the fire, and a smile played over her generally sad and stern face.

This was the letter, and it was for one.

"This is the letter," he rejoined, "I may think of it as I please, but I think of it as I please. I have no fears. Tell me, dearest, what you think of it. I am ill, and I am so far from my dear home."

"It may be weakness," said Jeanette, with a melancholy in her tone.

My life, for years past, has not been a happy one. I have been a dreamer of my younger days. God forgive me if I do wrong! You will love me at least, Edward, and in a sober friendship, more suited to our present condition, than the love of a young man."

Her eyes glistened in the red firelight, and were moist.

He seemed to misunderstand her.

"I spoke of marriage, Jeanette, and you speak of friendship."

"I mean the same," she replied.

"The word seemed too full of happiness for me to utter."

That was their betrothal.

For a while Miss Crimme's life seemed to glide on as smoothly as before, and one heard or saw but little of her. Sometimes, early in the morning or later in the afternoon, she would be seen walking with a tall and handsome gentleman, whom all knew to be the lieutenant, and looking happy and pretty. Soon, however, they were seen rarely together, and the lieutenant was said to be in the main building. The President of the United States, escorted by the commission and board of finance, and the invited guests, will enter the north wing of the building, and walk down the main avenue to the center. Then at a signal from the President of the United States the enormous engine and its thirty-two wheels will be set in motion, and the exhibition will be open to the world. There may follow more or less formal receptions in the judges' hall and the quarters of the commission.

The First Steamboat.

Living men remember when the idea of steam navigation was ridiculed. They remember, too, that when the Clermont went from New York to Albany without the use of sails, against wind and tide, and in thirty-two hours, it was changed into amazement. That voyage did more. It spread terror over the surface of the river, and created wide-spread alarm along its borders. The steamboat was a new thing, and the people, the farmers, and the villagers, it seemed like a weird craft from Pluto's realm—a transfiguration of the elements, a new thing from the infernal regions. Its huge black pipe vomiting fire and smoke, the hoarse breathing of its engine, and the great splash of its wheels in the water, all seemed to be a new thing, and the people, the farmers, and the villagers, it seemed like a weird craft from Pluto's realm—a transfiguration of the elements, a new thing from the infernal regions. 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